

FEATURE

The Herald

WASHINGTON, D. C. SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1915

SECTION



By Winifred Van Duzer.

FLAME-MOUNTING revelry, purple and gold,
Swirling us, hurling us, sweeping along;
Round the chill heart of the year winding bold,
Crackling its laughter, seething its song:
Your eyes—how they shine, how they shine,
Columbine!

FIRE, licking life from the heart of the year,
Drear-visaged pennance tomorrow will wear;
Have our souls aught from thin ashes to fear?
Tonight is tonight—banish thought, vanish care!
Your lips turn to mine, turn to mine,
Columbine!

FLAME is the evening; ashes the morn;
Tinsel then sackcloth; passion and prayer;
Lenten the springtide though never forlorn
With memory rose-tinted fair, if you'll dare
A promise and smile to entwine—
Columbine!